

About The Crownslayer Bot

Thank you for checking this out! I created this bot purely for my own personal enjoyment, which means I changed things up quite a lot compared to what is expected of most character quote bots.

First thing you will probably notice about the “quotes” this bot posts is that they are not simply “quotes”. Many of her lines are combined because added context made them more impactful. But I wanted to get into her head even more than that and a lot of the writing even outside the dialogue felt meaningful, and began to add in non-dialogue excerpts from the story and files, which ended up extending even more to any miscellaneous text in the game describing anything I felt meaningful and insightful about her! This means there are some formatting quirks.

Anything with plain text is anything Crownslayer says out loud in the game. On this document, however, they are enclosed in quotation marks “Like this” so it’s legible when one ends and begins.

Anything in parenthesis (Like this) are Crownslayer’s internal thoughts. This is already how it’s displayed in the game as normal dialogue, but worth mentioning.

Anything in double vertical bars ||Like This|| is non-dialogue text. It can be anything from a narrative excerpt from the story, text from her files, or item and enemy descriptions.

Anything in both double vertical lines and quotes ||“Like this”|| is something a different character other than Crownslayer is saying.

Crownslayerbot has 430+ unique quotes as well as a couple of official images added for fun for her to post once in a while, so hopefully there should be quite a lot of variety. And of course I will be updating her as she gets more material in the game. If you want to see the original context of these quotes, you may want to use the [Arknights Storyreader](#) for story quotes and [Arknights Terra Wiki](#) for files and miscellaneous text. Thank you and I hope you enjoy her!

Everything below is the intellectual property of Hypergryph, and is sourced from Arknights. The creation of this compilation couldn’t be possible without: the Arknights [storyreader](#), the [PRTS wiki](#), the [Arknights Terra wiki](#), and the [Arknights Image Archive](#)

Main Story

0-2 After

"Hmph. Trying to run...?"

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Go. Tear them apart."

"All Chernobogians...
Must die."

0-7 After

"Kill them."

"Rhodes Island...
I've caught you."

"This time, I'll grind your bones to dust!"

"What'd you come here for?"

0-8 Before

"Mephisto?"

"Don't do anything unnecessary...!"

"Fine. Have it your way."

"I can't wait to see you fail."

"We're leaving."

1-6 Before

"Talulah.
What do we do next?"

"Very well."

2-8 After

"Talulah.

The preparations are complete."

"There actually is a strategic purpose for us to attack Lungmen.

If we can take control of Lungmen, Reunion will have a huge advantage."

"Of course, this comes with a high risk.

...Why are you preoccupied with this idea?"

"I see it."

6-5 After

"Calm down! Say it again slowly."

"Say again!"

"Report!"

"Who's there?!"

"...that smell. Don't panic! Everyone's still here!"

"Listen up!"

"Calm him down!"

"Do you copy? Answer me!"

"The layout of these slums is confusing, but don't let the enemy confuse you. We are perfectly safe!"

"(How is our position still exposed with all the fog)"

"——Who?!"

6-11 After

"(*Pant, pant*...! *Pant, pant*...)"

"(...A trap?! Was that attack back there just a feint?)"

"(If she keeps cutting up my team, the whole unit will be worthless...)"

"(I have to contact them right away!)"

"(Grrr, why can't I move my fingers? Why am I shivering?!)"

"(I... I can't let her get me!)"

"Nggah!"

"*Hack* *hack*...! Gah!"

"You... filthy cub!"

"Mmf, how can I...? My muscles won't even respond.
Can... can you control me?"

"Wait, you...
I know you... I finally found you...!"

"Traitor... you traitor! I found the traitor!"

"Shut up! You have no right to speak my father's name!"

"Ursus destroyed all the lab, and all the scientists."

"How dare you?!
It was you! You're the disgusting traitor who sold out my father with Sergei, who sold out all the scientists!"

"...What are you talking about? Why would you...?"

"Agh!"

"Because you're scum!"

"I never thought... I never thought you were a heartless, cold-blooded woman!"

"...What are you...?"

"Hah... Hahaha...! Alex helped me find him!"

"...What do you want?"

"A chance? Do you know what you're saying?
You're giving up on life? You want to repent, like Sergei, who sat on top of Chernobog after
selling out his colleagues?"

"...Oh you'll regret it. You'll regret everything you ever did!"

"I'll kill you. I'm going to kill you!"

"*Hiss* Haah..."

"Swallow the bitterness of the dead'..."

"You stand there talking your mouth off... You're beyond saving. Are you so scared you can't
even show it?"

"Why did you betray my father? Why did you betray the scientists?
Why?! Tell me why——
'Director Kal'tsit'?!"

"You expect me to believe your bullshit?"

"Enough!"

"Are you saying all of this to... to confuse me?!"

"Hah hah..."

"Could you be more arrogant? No one, no caster can penetrate my fog. You have no idea where
I am."

"You're going to die screaming. I need you to die screaming."

"For the scientists, for the infected, I have to kill you. You Ursus puppet! You piece of trash!"

"...Huh? What... what's that?"

"H- how? Your spine?!

How...?"

"Ack...! Wh- what are you...?!"

"What is that?!!!"

"Nnng... Gaaaagh!"

"What is it?! What is that thing?!"

"Aaaaaah! Don't touch me! Let me go! Let go of meeee!"

"Why can't I pierce its shell? Aiee! Don't touch me! Get away!"

"Aaaaaahh!!"

"Mmmg....."

".....No....."

"Just kill me."

"...You can obviously kill me easily! Don't tell me you're the type who plays with your prey!"

"If I can't kill you, what do I have to live for?"

"Just remember, even if I'm dead, I've still cursed you forever!"

".....*gasp*....."

"...No more... talking! I'll kill you! I will!"

"I don't want to hear anymore! Why do you insist on telling me this stuff?!"

"If... If I had gone to save Misha, maybe she and Skullshatterer... would still be alive."

"N- no! No way! Look how powerful you are! Why didn't you save my father?!"

"So this is all meaningless? Everything my father did, everything I did... was for nothing?"

".....I....."

END8-1

"Calm down. I'm not a killer. Go this way. You can't stay here! If the Ursus Army finds you, they won't care if you're Infected or not. They're wiping out the city. "

"If you want to live... you'll live."

"...Alright. Sure. This way. "

"I can't do anything about you hating us. But I hope we won't have any more hate for you, since you also lost your homes. "

"Brothers! Here. Take them. They're not Infected, so be careful. "

"Why are you still following me?"

"I'm nothing."

"I want to go back to Siracusa."

"I'm weak. I need to get stronger. "

"Back when I was leaving Siracusa to go to Ursus, to take revenge for my father, my teacher stopped me. Saying I was weak, and I couldn't do it. I didn't believe it. But it was the truth. "

"My brain doesn't work like Talulah's. I'm not as skilled as my teacher. I'm weak."

"Even the cause I believed in... was just somebody's tool. You all know, right? Talulah betrayed us. No matter what the deal is, Reunion is over. "

"Aren't you from Lungmen?"

"Sure. If that's how it is, I think they're better off going with you. "

"Let's say I'm entrusting them to you. You might be lying to me here, but these people lost their homes. I won't lie to you. They'll be worse off with me."

"Ursus... us... Ursus."

"The Empire just hasn't gotten to the point where they'll treat all the Ursus like we do."

"Goodbye, all of you. Don't make the same mistakes I did. "

IL Siracusano

IS-ST-4

"Ugh, my tail's all wet."

"Nothing's changed at all. Neither these filthy streets, nor this damned rain."

"Dunno what it is, but even though the snow in Ursus can kill people, the rain here's somehow more unpleasant."

"Hope there's a hairdryer at my master's place..."

||Years ago, Crownslayer stormed off in a rage to prove that she was strong enough to take revenge on the conspiracies looming over her.||

||Now, Lyudmila has returned once more. Whether or not her efforts have poked a hole through that gloomy sky, she cannot yet say.

Possibly, nothing at all has changed. Possibly, she has become an accomplice to an even greater calamity.||

||She thinks to herself, surely her teacher will be able to tell her what to do next.||

||At that moment, she suddenly feels a chill.

At first, Lyudmila assumes it is because she is nervous about facing her teacher again.

But just as quickly, she realizes that she was wrong.

She starts to shake uncontrollably, on the spot.||

||Lyudmila tries to approach and stifle her teacher's still-bleeding wound, but she finds herself unable to move a single step, unable to even tear away her gaze.||

"It's you.

What... have you done?!"

"Cazzo!" (removed. redundant with the other cazzo line)

"I'll kill you!"

"*gasp*... *gasp*... You know she couldn't fight anymore, so why?!"

"Don't you dare leave!"

||The wolf in the red hoodie does not respond to Lyudmila's cries. She hums a fragmented ditty, flitting past Lyudmila with brisk steps.

Lyudmila's outstretched hand grasps only thin air.||

||She suddenly remembers what her teacher once told her:

'Lyudmila, do you know what it means to be my student?'

'I'm become decrepit and weak now. Are you still willing to be my student, and my tool?'

'We will both regret it, ragazza.'||

"Drink deep of the suffering of the deceased'..." (removed: redundant with battle line)

I Portatori dei Velluti

PV-5 Before

"'Truth and Justice'."

"No, it's not. The stories inside aren't for entertainment, but to get people thinking."

"What is 'truth'? What is 'justice'?"

Should they be considered the same? Should they be set against each other? Who gets to be the one that defines them? Which side of the scale do we believe we're on?"

"Or maybe they don't exist in any real sense? Just like... Just like how Reunion is over."

"In the end, the only time they're of any use are when putting together a lovely little list of justifications."

"I was just about to say. This is where we part, friend."

"If you keep going straight this way, you'll come out of the woods and spot some old nomadic city tracks.

There's likely to be Leithanian border patrol teams nearby, or possibly Siracusan cargo landships passing through. Watch out for them."

"You made it through Chernobog and Lungmen. Avoiding them shouldn't be too difficult for you."

"If we stay together here, we'll just become targets for those in power. That or be forced to become cannon fodder again."

"Since you guys didn't want to follow Nine, I'll be the one seeing you off."

"This is the last thing I can do as Reunio—the last thing I can do for you."

"I'll wander. I'll check on a few things. I'll think a bit."

"Before I left Siracusa, my master told me not to go back to Ursus to seek revenge. I was too weak, and knew too little... But I didn't listen to her."

"It might be time to return now. I'd like to see her again. Maybe she can give me some other suggestions... Ways for me to become stronger."

"She's from one of the Siracusan familie. She was strong in battle, yet also one of the wisest people I knew. She taught me a lot."

"Look at this bonfire out here among the snow, friend. Once, it could ignite the anger of the Infected. It could spark the dream of Reunion. It could set all of Ursus ablaze.

But now, all it does is keep us warm."

"Here's the last thing I have to say to you: Forget Talulah. Forget Chernobog. Forget Lungmen. Forget Reunion. Forget us. If you choose to leave, then leave it all behind you. Hell, forget the crystals growing on your body. Maybe if you forget everything, you can go home."

"We won't be seeing each other again, friend."

"Maestro!"

||Why?

Why has this girl wearing a red hoodie chased after her, haunted her from Yan to Siracusa?||

"You...

Who the hell...

Who the hell are you?!"

||Lyudmila silently looks at the fire in front of her. It is a burning duffel bag, her master interred within.||

||She did not sleep at all that night. She thinks about how she used salt and water to scrub away the bloodstains in the room, how she dragged her master's corpse out into the wilds under the cover of the incessant rain.||

||She was stick-thin before she died. Lyudmilla barely had to exert herself.||

||Lyudmila never forgot how she met her master.

There was blood everywhere. Her uncle, her only living relative. His family. His servants. Their corpses strewn across the entire house.||

||But before she could even get used to her new life... A simple Originium bomb smashed through the windows. In the chaos, her arm was gashed. She trembled in fear as she cowered under the bed.||

||There was no difference between the gangsters rushing into that house and the Ursus Guard charging into the lab. She felt like she was back in Chernobog, back in that night she lost her father.||

"D-Did you kill all these bad guys?"

"Why didn't you save them when it all started?"

"You're scary... but also amazing. C-Can I go with you?"

"I won't. All you need to do is teach me. Teach me how to hold a knife, how to get my revenge. I won't regret it!"

||She chose to deal with her master's corpse using the very first trick she taught her.||

||After leaving Reunion, she spent two years making her way back to Siracusa, all to lose the last home she could return to in barely a day...||

||The fire is extinguished, and the morning breeze blows away the last of the ashes. There is no trace of it left in the wilderness.

Where should you go next, Lyudmila?||

"I want... revenge."

"Found you."

"It's not hard finding a killer from the outside in this city. You stand out. A lot."

"Don't you dare think of running!"

"Before we start, I've got a question for you. Why?"

"My master never mentioned an enemy like you. Why would someone hanging out with Kal'tsit know her?"

"What game?! What the hell are you talking about?!"

"I don't care who you are... You killed the last of my family, so I'll make you pay."

"Don't underestimate me!"

"You just managed to get a sneak attack off last time! Don't think you managed to scare me!"

"Get... Get back here!"

"I'm not letting you go..."

"Cazzo...!"

"You've got quick reflexes, I'll give you that."

"Like I said, I'll make you pay."

"Don't even think of escaping. Either kill me, or be killed by me. There's only two ways out of this."

"Angry?"

Good, show me what you've really got—"

"I told you already. Until I kill you, or you kill me."

"Then... kill me... already."

||The exhausted Reproba collapses onto the ground. Before she falls unconscious, she grabs on tight onto the red-clad Lupo's pants.||

"Get back here... Don't go..."

"No... None..."

PV-5 After

"Don't touch me!"

"You—!"

"Sorry... Where am I?"

"Oh, so you saved me... Thanks."

"Thanks for the help. I'll be going, then."

"...It's been many, many years since I last heard that word."

"Thanks. I get it, I'm not going to cause you guys trouble."

"I just need some time to think... about what I should do next."

"I've driven a truck in Ursus. Does that count?"

"No. Crownslayer didn't kill her."

"It's fine."

"Not too sure myself, but it's been a while now."

"You've all got families to feed. Me? I'm flying solo. Don't have anything else to spend that money on anyway. Besides, I'm one ragazza sfortunata. Even if I save it all, it's likely to sprout wings and fly away."

"Look, it's just two crates of salt soda."

"I actually wanted to treat you guys to some beer for the weekend. But since you guys will be busy with that film shoot at Court Square tonight, you'll just have to make do with soda."

"If you're still thirsty, feel free to take more."

"...I'm good."

||Sommer leans against the back of his truck, stretching his hand out to her. The other drivers look at her, nary a hint of wariness on their smiling faces.

Can you get drunk off salt soda? The Reproba wonders as she furrows her brow.||

||After a short moment of silence, she lowers her mask and takes the proffered bottles of soda from him.||

"I've got something to take care of, so I'll be hanging back too."

||He starts the engine, but before he even closed the door, a figure was already sat in the passenger seat, seat belt fastened and all.||

"Thought you were going to catch some Zs?"

"Not much of a night drive with an empty passenger seat, yeah?"

"What was it you said again? Don't be a stranger, Sommer."

PV-6 Before

"What're you delivering for the Venezias?"

"I get it. No need to go into detail."

"This isn't your first time, is it?"

"What do you think?"

"A famiglia associate's not going to come looking for you just because they 'don't like the look of your face'.

They kept pestering you after that. Why didn't you tell me, Sommer?"

"Does Eirene know?"

||The faces of the drivers flash through Lyudmila's mind one after another. She doesn't say anything.||

"Err... If you want to smoke, go ahead. No need to hide it from me."

"You're overthinking things."

"Enough. I got on your truck, so I'll stick with you all the way."

"You've been listening to this song on loop for a while now. Not tired of it?"

"Eh? What?"

"I don't remember anything worth mentioning."

"I woke up in the camp, and you and Eirene were standing in front of me..."

"I might have been a bit light-headed when I woke up."

"A Lupo woman wearing a red hoodie, protective gear around her neck... Eirene really does remind me of someone I hate."

"Doesn't matter if it's in Yan or Siracusa, every time I run into that girl, I get struck by a bout of bad luck."

"That's—"

"Sommer, look out! There's a car over there—"

||She yanks off her seat belt and pushes open the truck door, falling from her seat as she does. As her face plants into the ground, she sees a familiar red silhouette fade down the intersection.||

"*cough* *cough*..."

||Before the dizziness disperses, before she can take stock of the situation, before she can check on Sommer... Rage. An unending rage washes over her like the tide.||

"What the hell's with this bad luck?! How come it's you again?!"

"You goddamn lupetta!"

"Damned pup!"

"Think you can just walk away after I finally found you?"

||Lyudmila brandishes her knife once again, but Projekt Red nimbly dodges it. A heavy kick immediately slams into her back. Her arm is pinned down, and her knife clatters onto the ground.

By the time she can react, she is already being pressed down into the dirt.||

"Ugh—Agh—"

||In the alleys of Lungmen, she was held down by the same damnable wolf pup, unable to resist then either.||

||The same sorry figure pressed against the ground, the same pain shooting through her body.||

"Gah! My arm! Let go of me! Pizdets! Vaffanculo!"

"You stronza! I nearly had my revenge in Lungmen. Why'd you have to get between me and Kal'tsit?!"

"Maestro couldn't fight any more, so why'd you kill her?!"

"Why the hell do you keep showing up over and over again?!"

"Why can't I kill you?! Why?!"

||Lyudmila doesn't get up. She lies against the ground, cradling her near-dislocated arm, waiting for the pain and humiliation to seep in and drown her.||

"You sure about that, Sommer?"

"Sommer... Oh right, Sommer..."

"Dammit, I got so caught up in chasing that stupid wolf pup... I forgot Sommer's still in the truck..."

PV-6 After

"...I tripped."

"What is it?"

"So this is how life decides to repay the unfortunate..."

"Has Sommer shown up?"

"Don't make excuses for him, Ruggiero.

I know what's going on with the two of you. I was riding alongside him last night."

"Mhm. That was our truck."

"Based on the look on your face, he hasn't come back here. Know anywhere he might go? Think quick."

"I've already checked them all.

The scene of the crash was already cordoned off by the time I went back, and Sommer and the truck were both gone. After that, I searched the places you mentioned. Nothing."

"How could I have left him there? Dammit. If I wasn't distracted by that wolf pup, maybe..."

"I'll keep looking for him!"

"This is the only place left."

||She was once able to make her way through Catastrophe-torn Chernobog with ease, and lead her team on precision strikes in the middle of a chaotic battlefield, yet now, she could not locate even an ordinary truck driver.||

||She feels like the target of some sick joke. An inkling of helplessness suddenly worms its way into her mind.||

"If Sommer could only go back the way he came, and he wanted to hide a truck in a port this busy... Don't tell me he..."

"This is..."

"Guns, staves, crossbows, even Originium explosives...
Sommer, you idiot. Did you know you were transporting this kind of 'merchandise'?"

"Pizdets! This is suddenly a lot more complicated than smuggling tires and crashing into the Acting Mayor! Wait, someone's coming."

"Wait, the dockhands are starting to..."

||Lyudmila hears the sound of cranes pulling away at the tarps, and the engine of the vehicle up ahead starting up.

Both the mafiosi and the police are close by. This float, its secret, Sommer, and the truck drivers' 'new lives' are about to be exposed to the light of day.||

"Blyat!"

||Lyudmila's hand brushes past her side, and she feels a damp spot in her pocket. It's the documents she folded up and stuffed in there, proof that she is now one of those idiots.||

||They must have gotten soaked in the rain as she ran to the port. She didn't have time to stash them away in her tent when she left camp.||

||Caught in the autumn rain again, she snaps back to reality. It's getting cold, she thinks.

It would be great if she could warm herself up by a fire right now.||

||Fire can ignite anger. It can spark a dream. It can also bury everything in ash.

And her own smoke can help conceal the fire. Before anyone else catches on, she can let it build into a towering inferno, inextinguishable.||

"*sigh* I'm one ragazza sfortunata."

PV-7 Before

"(That figure... was I just seeing things?)"

"It's nothing... Just a little tired."

PV-7 After

"Calm down, it's me. The police are on their way here, so stay out of their sight."

"I have more questions than you, Sommer.
Where did you go after the accident?"

"*sigh* Come with me. Everyone's attention is focused on the float now. My smoke will cover our tracks, and no one'll spot us."

"My doing.
The police would have discovered the truck and its contents if I hadn't done it there and then. It was the only way."

"Enough, we'll talk when we're safe. Those officers—"

"What did they mean our testimony would be invalid in court?
Does that mean we can only sit here and wait for the results of her trial?"

"Do you believe that'll happen?"

"Wait for me here, Sommer. I'll call the other guys to go with us. We should be standing by her side right now no matter what."

"Terza Zona... He should be here..."

"Blyat! How am I supposed to find him in such a huge place?"

||Her sole target is the golden lighter one of them is playing with in his hand.

She recognizes that lighter, and knows the two are not its owners. It belongs to a driver who doesn't smoke.||

PV-8 Before

||A loud horn interrupts the conversation between the three, and a truck drives between the two cars, coming to a steady stop before Eirene.

The driver's door opens, and Eirene sees Lyudmila get off the truck.||

"Let's go. I came to take you back home. There's a lot back at camp waiting for you to make the call on."

"He did everything he could."

"I should have understood long ago the famiglie will never allow anyone who might pose a threat to them to live."

"I'm sorry, I couldn't find him..."

"They want the guys at city hall and the courts to know that the Truckers' Union and the famiglie are on the same boat."

"Those two earlier... they were basically fighting over a territory."

PV-8 After

"You were right. That judge did come looking for you at the camp. After she left, some famiglie associates were tailing her in secret."

"I drove behind her car and came back here only after I saw her enter the courthouse."

"There's also one more thing."

"I happened to see Saluzzo Vino's legal team hurrying into the courthouse."

"I asked around, and apparently not long ago the police suddenly showed up at one of the Saluzzo wineries and took Alberto away.

Venezia Trucking also got the cops at their door at the same time. The police and judges should be inspecting their factories right now."

"She didn't use a direct method with us like she did with the other two... she went to camp to warn us."

"Those wise guys only followed her with no intentions to harm her."

"You mean Carnevale...?"

"We could let the judge know."

"Are you still hesitant to let her know about the Truckers' Union? But can you really just stand here and watch something happen to her?"

"She's not a bad person at least."

"Based on the amount I saw and total number of shifts on the schedule—I estimate there's enough Venezia weapons in the city to arm several tactical squads with dozens of people in each."

"Do you really just want to protect that judge?"

"When I was in Ursus, I knew someone with similar ideas. She lost herself in the end."

"No... What happened with Sommer needs a proper ending. But of course, he wouldn't want to see you lose yourself either."

"Eirene, I guarantee you won't cross that final line..."

PV-9 Before

"Oh, xuj!"

"...Red hood."

"The alley up ahead. I could recognize her from a mile away."

"Let's get back on the truck. Eirene's waiting for us."

"I left Sommer at the accident scene the last time in order to go after her, which just seemed to lead to all this crazy shit..."

"You know what's funny? I keep running into bad luck just like I keep running into her. It's like a curse I couldn't shake."

"It's a brutal pack of wolves that we're facing today. I've seen what they're capable of."

That's why I need to be with you guys, this time."

"Hah. Well, let's get going."

PV-9 After

"Hey, that way—"

PV-10 Before

"Eirene...

You have the answer?

...

It's not the one we want to hear, is it?"

"Hey, Eirene."

"Listen to me carefully.

These people have gotten their hands on weapons. They have become true wolves. The situation is out of control."

"I saw what the mafiosi are capable of when I first came to Siracusa as a kid. They slaughtered my uncle's entire family in just half an hour."

"In a few moments I will release smoke to obstruct their view. Get the guys out of here when that happens. Hand signs, signals, whatever, I know you have a way."

"You'll need to be quick. I've never released smoke in such a large area before, so I don't know how well it will work, or how long I can keep it up."

"The trucks are right behind us. Get in, get away."

"I wasn't with Sommer that night. It's partly my fault that he's dead..."

"There's not much that a luckless loner like me can do, but I can't let my brothers and sisters die here."

"But, Eirene..."

"What?" (removed. nothing line on its own)

||Eirene's voice is trembling, but the crossbow in her hand is firm. Suddenly, Lyudmila feels like she is looking at a stranger.||

PV-10 After

"Eirene?"

PV-ST-4

"You're not getting away this time, bloody pup."

||Lyudmila readied for an ambush, biding her time. Her strike landed true.

She pinned the figure down, pressing her blade against its heart. Just a little more, and she would avenge her mentor and end this haunting ghost.||

"You're talking about your game?"

"So teacher had to live in fear all her life with a limp leg, just because she's part of this stupid game?

You killed her for this 'victory'?"

"Is this what your Kal'tsit taught you?"

"Violence, hatred, ideals, fate... your Kal'tsit always has an explanation, doesn't she?"

"A baby tooth?"

"I found the girl with the bow.
She's alive. You missed her vital organs."

"Did you doubt yourself in the final moments, scum?"

"Do you want to see this Kal'tsit of yours?"

"Well, I'm going to find her and ask her what all this is about."

"Don't you dare die before then.
And don't you dare get my knife dirty."

"How did it go?"

"Good."

"I came to say goodbye. Didn't want to deal with the commotion if I said it at the camp."

"I found the red one. She's not in great shape..."

"Yes. She needs to go back to somebody, and that somebody is my other sworn enemy, whom I'll have to visit sooner or later..."

"It's a long story. Anyway, if nothing much is going on with the Union for the time being, I want to visit this place called Rhodes Island."

"There's something I want to ask before I leave.

That night, when you ordered us to point our weapons at the Venezia mafiosi... what were you thinking?

That all of the Union's problems will go away if we kill those bastards?

And who smuggled what will remain a secret forever?"

"Were you confident that it could be done, with so many people behind you, and so many weapons in our hands?

Were you confident that you wouldn't be held responsible?"

"Were you thinking about protecting the people behind you, or how, like the bastards on the other side, you held the fates of so many in your hands?"

"Was it the gunshot that made you stop... or was it your judgment from deeper down?"

"No need to tell me, Eirene. You know the answer."

"I told you the story of Talulah, a respected leader who became an evil dragon. I failed to see it happen, and I didn't kill her."

"I won't make the same mistake again. I'm watching you, Eirene. I'm the sword that hangs above your head."

"If that's what you become, I will come for you, no matter where I am... and I will kill you."

"I hope that day never comes. I hope we can truly, sincerely, give each other our blessings... friend."

||Eirene is alone. The Reproba with the furrowed brows has vanished without a trace.||

Non-Story Texts

Portatori Fireworks Commission (UNFINISHED. needs incorrect answer lines and help lines)

"You assemble, I carry. Simple enough, isn't it?"

"You can assemble the fireworks, or BE the fireworks."

"That doesn't seem right."

"Just assemble the fireworks according to the instructions."

"Sure, I can take another, load 'em up."

"That's all? Sure, see you tomorrow."

"Guess Carnevale preparations aren't that hard after all."

"You've got a... unique take on fireworks aesthetics."

"Good, I didn't want to see you get blown up."

"Don't worry, I always deliver."

"I told you to be careful when handling fireworks."

"Hey, you can be proud of the part you did for the Carnevale."

"I have to load it too? I'm just a driver."

"Hey, this is easy. Maybe I can take over?"

Enemy Description

||One of Reunion's squad leaders who handles infiltration and assassination operations, specializing in melee combat and breaking through defensive lines. Her stealth and superb infiltration abilities have foiled countless attempts to capture her.||

Operator Recruitment Token

||Specialist Operator Crownslayer, bane of tyrants, sword of vengeance.||

||The crown-slaying blade stays hidden.||

Crownslayer's Token

"My face is concealed, but my anger is for all to see."

Profile

||Lyudmila Ilyinichna, a former Reunion squad leader who dealt in covert operations and assassinations, specializing in melee combat and breaking through defensive lines.||

||She parted with Reunion in the wake of the Chernobog-Lungmen Incident, and approached Rhodes Island at the end of 1100. She is currently receiving Oripathy treatment while under supervision.||

Clinical Analysis

||Many of her organs are heavily infected, and the organs between her oral cavity and throat also display hyperplasia. She reports no foreign body sensation, and staunchly refuses our suggestion of surgery.||

||Crownslayer has not received any systematic Oripathy treatment. Her BOCD is rather high, and seems to be trending upwards. Her organ crystallization accelerates rapidly whenever she uses her Arts, worsening her condition.||

Archive File 1

||Crownslayer's arrival at Rhodes Island left a deep impression on us. She suddenly appeared in front of the landship on its course, with Operator Projekt Red held hostage by her side.||

||During the course of our examination, the subdued Crownslayer was shouting Dr. Kal'tsit's name and things such as "Come and take care of your wolf cub already," along with an unending tirade in both Ursine and Siracusan.||

||This was how a former Reunion member came aboard Rhodes Island using undisclosed means and became, in a sense, one of our members.||

Archive File 2

||"The red-headed lady has been all over the kitchen: kneading, chopping the meat, pouring the sauce, keeping an eye on the pizzas in the oven and occasionally dealing with people trying to rush her. She seems really into it."||

||"I asked Lyudmila why she was staying aboard Rhodes Island, and she told me she was waiting for that hag Dr. Kal'tsit to come back. Her words, not mine."||

||"She wanted to ask her if she knew about her master when she was sent to live with her uncle. If she knew about the wolf pack's game. If she did, why didn't she do anything about it? If things were always out of her control, then why did she always act so sure of herself?"|| (EDITED slightly to fit word count)

||"I've seen her buying magazines from the store, killing time in the Convalescent Garden... doodling on the bridge with charcoal. Maybe life here is a rare chance for her to relax. It's not hard to understand."||

Archive File 3

||Over the course of two years, Lyudmila saw them back to their hometowns, one by one. For those with no home to go back to, she found them work.||

||Finally, she walked back to her master's house in Siracusa, as though it were all one big farewell ceremony. But what came after was hardly an ending deserving of such ceremony.||

||Reunion, the Truckers Union, Ursus, Siracusa. None of them were places associated with pleasant memories to her, but when the Field Operators Department was discussing who to entrust this mission to, there were eyes that fell on her. She doesn't know why she didn't refuse.|| (EDITED slightly to fit word count)

"This would be easy to settle if you just took out a few famiglia dons—problem solved. Fine, fine, I know that's not how you do things."

"—If they're out for blood, then we'll just have to do it ourselves before they get a chance. A killer without a target's not going to swing their knives around for no reason."

"Here, I'll show you. See? If I stab you with this collapsible knife, then the fake blood will—Ow, some got in my eye... Give me a sec. The bathroom's that way, yeah...?"

"...I've run into a personal matter I gotta deal with."

||The chance reunion only ended after he forced Lyudmila into drinking three cans of salt soda. She couldn't deny her own happiness right then.||

||The Truckers' Union couldn't hold a candle to Reunion, but to her, they really were more alike than not: they both appeared along her path to vengeance, and thanks to some bitter experiences and some rather absurd changes, she chose to leave them both.||

||She is someone easily waylaid by hate. She should keep an eye on the one in the lead, while not completely denying the fact that her past comrades had, for a time, given her a reason to live, given her faith and flame.||

"Mission complete, heading back to the landship soon."

Archive File 4

||"Ever since Sophina passed away, Lyuda's hate for Chernobog has grown by the day. Staying here will only cause her to suffer more. As her closest family, I should be with her right now. But I am a selfish man."||

||As the surveillance team rushed over to the landship's middle layer to turn off the alarm, Crownslayer slipped out of Dr. Kal'tsit's office. She held in her hand a letter as she waited for the team to come and subdue her.||

||It was just like the first time she stepped aboard Rhodes Island, except she was calmer this time around.||

"It's obvious that I'm not going to be a navigator or politician anymore, Papa."

"Tell Kal'tsit that when she gets back to the landship, I need to be the first to see her. She needs to tell me all the reasons why that research institute was set up, about the research itself, everything about her own history... All of Ursus's secrets. All of them."

Promotion Record

||In the story she just finished reading, a Yanese chef grabs a fintail fresh off the stove, and thrusts the dagger hidden within into some prince's throat, fin flesh and bone included. Lyudmila closes the book, and places it back on the shelf in the reading room.||

||She couldn't really explain why she was randomly flipping through a book on Sargonian history in Rhodes Island's reading room, or why she was drawn to a record detailing how a dancer assassinated a padishah.||

||They can play with politics, with the people, even the order of the entire nation, but even an insignificant grain of sand can become a blade hanging above their heads—a "Crownslayer".

Crownslayer likes these stories.||

Module Story EXE-X: Царевбийца

||The Inspector strolls up to a corner of the collection, and picks up an altogether unremarkable and antiquated military saber, toying with it amusedly in her hands. Its edge is polished to a shine, reflecting her carmine eyes.||

"How could I repay your generosity for such a precious article, Duke?"

"So you're telling me, you want the Empire to know of your mines' service, ten years accident-free, accomplished by having everyone who knew of the disaster there buried in a collapsed shaft?"

"You want the Empire to know of the 'ten thousand bandits' you killed, when half of them were refugees starving to death in your territory?"

"Or maybe, you want the Empire to know that you, and the past nine Dukes, were all such devout and loyal executioners?"

||She pulls off her hood, revealing her fiery red hair. The Duke meets her eyes, and they call to mind the recent rumor—only a few years ago, the Crownslayer, whoever she was, had returned to Ursus.||

"If there was an Inspector visiting, and if the Empire did know of all your deeds, maybe they would've given you shiny new prizes for it."

"It's a real shame the Empire can't hear your cries."

"But don't worry. The Crownslayer will grant you your reward."

Module Story EXE-Y: Рисунок Углем

(STAY TUNED)

Voice Lines

"You want me at your side to see if Rhodes Island can live up to the talk. Hmm... Alright then, so long as your security doesn't give me too much trouble "

"Life in the Truckers Mutual Aid Association? We drive, we deliver, we drink, we mess around and have a good time. Nobody bares their fangs in Nuova Volsinii... But as my mentor once said, the Fangs will never truly disappear."

"My mentor was the one who taught me to mix finsauce into spaghetti, and replace the salsiccia on pizza with bacon. Had to find a way to fit in with the wolfpack, she said. So, I've eaten like this through all my years in Siracusa. Why? Because it tastes alright. "

"Truth and Justice... That's the book my father used to read to me when I was little. He even took me to meet the author, who was later imprisoned by some duke, died in jail, and was buried in a mine. Pretty awful, no? But that's how things were, at the time "

"My father said that Sergei would become the greatest of all scientists, even if he was born in Ursus. I thought they were friends, partners, and kindred spirits... Yet Sergei stabbed them all in the back. He deserved to die, but I also doubt whether the blame was his alone"

"Where did I learn to fight? From my mentor. She taught me to turn hatred into power, but not to hate. She taught me to fight, but not to step onto the battlefield... What a strange 'wolf' she was. Too bad I didn't figure out her final lesson sooner."

"Director Kal'tsit, Dr. Kal'tsit. No matter what hat she wears, she's still her same, cold-blooded self. Yet, I do find it believable that she didn't betray my father. Maybe she's not as ruthless as she looks, after all. Hmm, what do you think, Doctor?"

"In all the time I stood behind Talulah, I watched her crush dream after dream, morphing into our very own tyrant... That was my mistake, and one I will not make again... Kill her? No. What I want is to tear off the tyrant's crown."

"You've united many under your banner. This is familiar to me. I've stood with such people, and also against them... But do beware, leaders like you are known to make grave errors. When you do, I'll look you dead in the eyes, and I won't hesitate—Doctor."

"She learned her song by snow, she learned her blade by rain... She learned to show her courage, by fire that swept the plain... She learned to topple crowns, by all the silent pain... Oh, you're awake. No, it's nothing. Just a Siracusan nursery rhyme."

"Crownslayer. It's a name we both know well, so let's keep it. Maybe one day you'll come to understand its true meaning."

"Old combat records? Got anything with me in it? Come on, let's give it a try. I won't lose this time."

"Alright, alright. Enough with the formalities already. I couldn't care less about your little medals and ribbons. Do you take me for some general or noble? Or, would you prefer I test my blade on them?"

"Rhodes Island chose to trust me, so I'm willing to return that favor. Acceptance speech? Wait, you people aren't really expecting me to give one, are you "

"Just give me a target. My smoke will be their grave."

"Move out. Watch the smoke, and don't get separated."

"Contact. Everyone, spread out!"

"My old methods still work."

"My knife hasn't dulled "

"I strike from the smoke."

"I'll slay the crown."

"Drink deep of the suffering of the deceased."

"Taste the fury of the forsaken."

"Hate. It's all you deserve."

"Weep. Those will be your last words."

"Sound strategies, and outstanding execution. No wonder your operations are so efficient."

"The necessary lives have been taken. Mission accomplished."

"Smokescreen deployed. Retreat, we'll find another chance later."

"Not sending me out on a field mission today? Suit yourself."

"Y-You can see me? But, I threw down a smokescreen..."

"Take off my mask? I'd rather not. Hehe, hard to breathe with all the smoke, right? I keep it on for a reason."

"Have you been on the ship all day, Doctor? Uh, Me? No, I just happened to be behind you. It's pure coincidence."

"Infected or otherwise, there are so many on this land who yearn to live freely and with dignity. Some of them have failed, but so many more are still pressing on. May you continue to move forward with them, Rhodes Island."

"Never imagined I'd be welcoming the New Year on Rhodes Island. But here I am, with all of you... Looks like we've changed a lot. Happy New Year. To you, and to Rhodes Island."